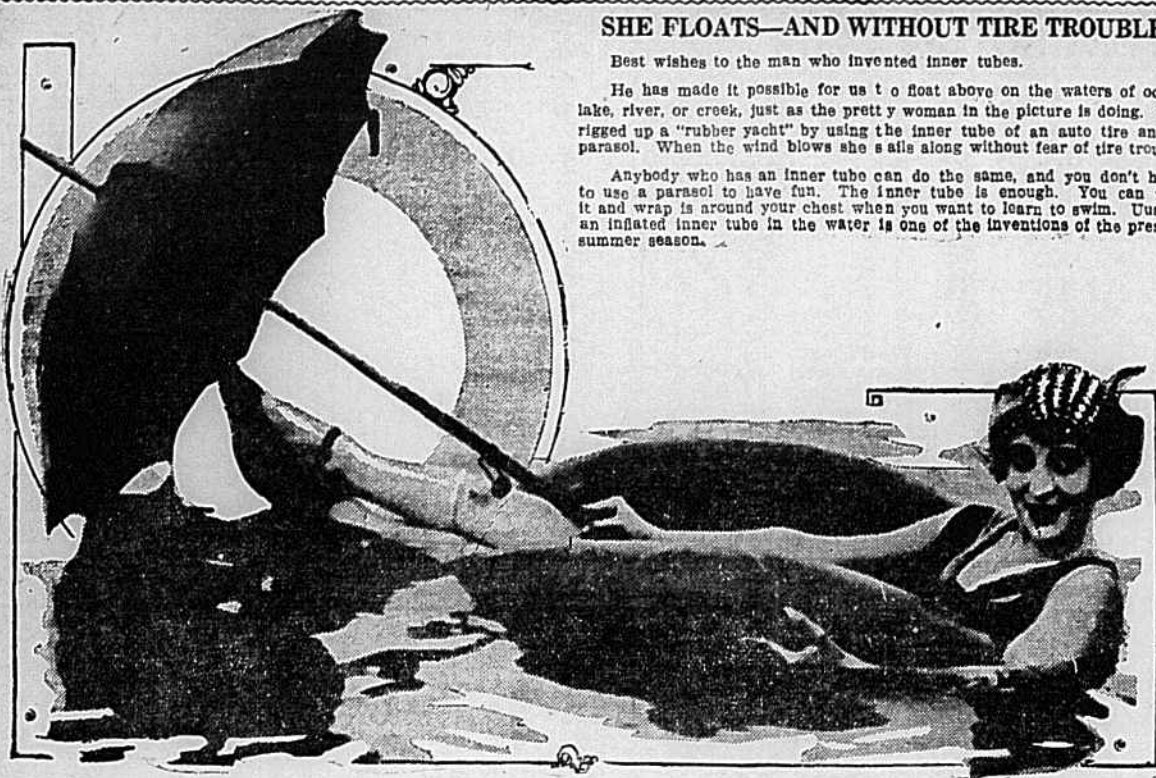


÷ A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME ÷



SHE FLOATS—AND WITHOUT TIRE TROUBLE.

Best wishes to the man who invented inner tubes.

He has made it possible for us to float above the waters of ocean, lake, river, or creek, just as the pretty woman in the picture is doing. She rigged up a "rubber yacht" by using the inner tube of an auto tire and a parasol. When the wind blows she sails along without fear of tire trouble.

Anybody who has an inner tube can do the same, and you don't have to use a parasol to have fun. The inner tube is enough. You can fold it and wrap it around your chest when you want to learn to swim. Using an inflated inner tube in the water is one of the inventions of the present summer season.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Some Things in a Basket.

BY CHARLOTTE FREEMAN.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Bob, taking a short cut down the bluff, missed his footing and landed right in the middle of a picnic of one. Great guns! he cried, picking his way out of trouble and shaking off a piece of fresh jelly cake which clung affectionately to a bare foot. Who'd ever think of finding you here? And why so exclusive?

Gladys screwed the top on the thermos bottle and brushed some crumbs off her bathing suit before she answered. Exclusive! This beach is about as private as a balloon ascension on the Fourth of July. Jude told you to hunt me, of course. Well, I—She did, and you know it. And as usual, you found me. No one could have seen me from the water, but—bitterly—you had your usual luck and had to fall in this particular spot when the lake is, I believe, something like a hundred and fifty miles around. There! I guess I've finished. You spoiled my dessert anyway. Now, please help me pack things into the basket. Then you can trot it back to the cottage and tell my sister that I am going out in the boat—alone!

But you can't—And that I won't be home until late and that she needn't worry. I'm neither Mr. Harbison, Lieutenant Frick nor Jack Mable, and she and the other girls can rest easy. And tell her, too, please to find some pleasant employment for you, as you are tired of your commission of keeping me oc-

cupied and out of the way during the house party.

But I'm not tired of it, he declared stoutly. You know better.

I am then! It's all the same. Now run over to the water and get the rest of the jelly off your toes. If you get hungry on your way home there are some sandwiches you can have.

He picked up the basket, but did not move. See here, Gladys! I don't want you to think I'm always hanging around at Judith's orders. Once or twice she did say for me to keep you busy at something or another, for I know the girls are all deathly afraid some of those fellows will fall in love with you, but, honestly, Gladys, I hang around because I want to. You know I love you. Only you won't listen. Where are you going? as she moved away.

Out in the launch. Maybe over to the Point. I'm out of candy. You don't happen to have a dollar or so that I could borrow until I get back? Bob ran his hand over his close fitting jersey bathing suit. By Jove, I haven't and I left my check book and fountain pen at home too. Sorry!

They both laughed. Gladys relented a little. Bob you're a dear. I'm not cross with you really. I'm just tired of your tagging around, that's all, and I want to be left alone. I'm going to do a lot of thinking on the prevention of cruelty to younger sisters.

Bob looked at the sky. It's going to rain and the lake will be rough. I wouldn't go if I were you, Gladys! I'm going rain or shine. So goodbye! Better let me go alone!

No, I won't. Now run along and eat your sandwiches!

All at once Bob got furious. It stung him to the quick to have her treat him as a little boy. He held up the basket and hurled it high overhead into the water. In an instant it had disappeared beneath the surface and great rings that widened and gradually wore away were the only evidence of the drama.

Well, I hope you feel better, said

Gladys sarcastically after the momentary silence of surprise, but Bob cut her short.

I've done as you wanted long enough. Now it's my turn and I'm not going to do another thing I'm told. Are you still going to the Point?

Yes! Then I'm going too. They were beside the boat now. Get in, he said sharply.

She stood still. Get in, he repeated and Gladys climbed over the edge and took her seat in the bow. Why, she hardly knew.

Bob jumped in and started the engine just as a flash of lightning split the sky, followed by a crash of thunder.

The little launch pushed her nose

bravely through the water and Bob headed her for a point of land five miles away now fast becoming invisible through the mist.

I want you to know that bottle cost three dollars.

All right. I'll get you another. And the basket was a particular pet of mother's, presented by a particular friend who had it made out of a particular color.

All right. I'll get her another. And the linen—there were a very nice lunch cloth and a napkin that belonged to a set mother got abroad. You can't replace them!

I'll buy her a whole new set when the war is over, he answered, unrelenting. You can't make me sorry.

WOULD YOU HIDE VACCINATION MARK? USE A WEE-KISS!



If you have a vaccination mark, hide it! Hide it with a "wee-kiss." Ha! Who will give you a "wee-kiss," you would like to know. Nobody gives you a "wee-kiss," you make it. That's what Wanda Lyon did. This famous beauty of "A World of Pleasure" was so anxious to hide a vaccination mark she invented the "wee-kiss." It's a little butterfly thing of silk which she glues on her arm. It hides the scar, also attracts admiring eyes.

It's your own fault you lost the basket.

She looked at him a long time with an inscrutable expression; then, there was something else in the basket, she said, tentatively, trailing her hand in the turbulent water.

What? inquired Bob, without interest, keeping an anxious eye on the clouds. Thunder and lightning were frequent now, and a cold wind was shopping the greenish-black water into white-capped waves.

I can't tell you, she said.

All right, he answered. Keep it to yourself. Say, Gladys, we can't make the Point. The waves were getting high now and crashing against the light little boat with terrific force and the wind was blowing a hurricane. A few drops of rain splashed into their faces and a new crash of thunder brought a torrent.

Then we'll go back! she shivered. It's two miles. We can't! he shouted above the roar of the wind. I'll try to make the island.

He turned the boat toward a dark patch in the water a quarter of a mile or so away, and the waves, coming for an instant broadside, nearly turned them over.

Gladys grasped the sides of the boat and held on desperately. For the first time she was really frightened. They were both good swimmers, but with the waves so high the idea was impossible. Besides, the rain was coming now in sheets, and it was hard for her to make out even where Bob sat.

She slipped into the bottom of the boat and held her head down to keep the water out of her eyes.

Suddenly there was a crash that twisted the boat. Water surged over them and then—oblivion!

Gladys woke up on a flat, grassy place with trees all around. The sun was shining now and Bob was bending over her.

Thank God, he said. I thought you were gone sure. That—as a close call for us both. Don't move, Gladys. Just rest there until you are stronger. We will have to stay here until some one sees us and takes us home. The boat is smashed to smithereens.

She smiled wanly and sat up in spite of his protests.

Dear Bob, she said, holding out both hands to him; don't you want to know what else was in the basket?

He had forgotten about it in the face of more serious things. But now he was all interest. What? he asked quickly.

My heart! she said, turning away with an odd little smile.

WEST VIRGINIA PATENTS.

As reported by H. E. Dunlap, patent lawyer, of Wheeling, W. Va., the Patent Office records show the recent issue of the following patents of West Virginia inventors: W. G. Chapman, assignor of 1/2 to T. J. Feagat, Huntington, electric gas-lighter; J. N. Chilson and L. B. Pugh, Fairmont, coin-controlled vending-machine; A. L. Copley, Glenalum, coal-conveying mechanism; F. C. Folmar, Elm Grove, valve-lifter; Viola B. Gilliam, Thurmond, baby-walker; C. A. Hill, Wellsburg, plug for repairing pneumatic tires; R. S. Miller, Red Sulphur Springs, automobile-tire protector; F. R. Perry, Weston, and E. S. Richardson, Anderson, Ind., glass-forming machine; Peter Seltner McMechen, shower attachment for bath-tubs; D. H. Smith, Bluefield, key-holder.

Resolve to Succeed

Throw off the handicap of petty ills that make you grouchy, listless and depressed. Get at the root of your ailments—clear your digestive system of impurities, put it in good working order—keep it healthy with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They act promptly on the stomach, liver and bowels, removing waste matters and purifying the blood. Not habit forming, never gripe, but leave the organs strengthened. To succeed in life, or work, first have a healthy body. This famous remedy will do much to

Help You

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

CAP AND BELLS FAD IN LONDON



London society is adopting the "cap and bells" and Robin Hood effect, in headwear. The hat here has a streamer of graduated plush balls in back.

HEALTH HINTS

EYE STRAIN

Do the movies cause eyestrain? That is a question often on the lips of ardent screen fans.

Eye strain is brought about by two factors—too great accommodations or focusing and by over-activity of the muscles, which move the eyes, particularly those which converge or turn the eyes in toward a point of fixation.

Normal eyes, and eyes with refractive errors corrected are not obliged to call upon their muscles of accommodation or convergence when viewing objects at 20 feet or more as they are as much at rest at this distance as in viewing objects at infinity.

Now the modern "movie" theatres no seat is placed nearer than 20 feet from the screen and there fore an observer with eyes as stated above needs to exert no muscular strain to see clearly and easily.

The effect of prolonged glare on the nervous elements of the retina is harmful, but the periods of comparative darkness between sections of the films as operated today reduces this danger to a minimum.

The annoying flicker of the pictures which formerly was a prominent feature of all moving pictures has been done away with by the smoothness of operating and the "speeding" up of the machines.

In considering the amount of fatigue experienced after watching a moving picture performance it should be borne in mind that whereas in a vaudeville or "legitimate" performance one may get hearing as well as sight, in a "movie" one has to be all eyes or the thread of the story is lost. Yet the harm to the eyes from the "movies" is practically negligible provided the screen is a good 20 feet

from the patrons and one's errors of sight are corrected. Neglected adenoids and defective teeth in childhood menace adult health.

BELL-ANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

U. Schmidt and R. Lefevre WINDOW GLASS Windshield and headlight glass. 802 Gaston avenue, Bell Phone 477 W.

E. M. KIRK GIVES BIT OF ADVICE TO HIS FRIENDS

Tells Crane's Drug Store About Wonderful Benefits Derived From Nerv-Worth.

This well known citizen lives at 614 Vermont ave. For ten long years he had been the victim of nervous ills before Nerv-Worth came to the rescue. You see those ills had taken very deep roots. Nerv-Worth had work ahead of it in this case. Now let Mr. Kirk tell you how the tonic did its work:

Crane's Drug Store—Friends, you can get relief if you suffer from any of the symptoms which I described if you will take Nerv-Worth. I had sleepless nights, was nervous, had indigestion, stomach trouble, and imagination of sudden death. I was irritable, easy to worry. Thought I had cancer of the stomach and imagined I had a growth in the pit of my stomach as there seemed to be such a load, or pulling down. I had many other feelings I have not described.

After taking Nerv-Worth I slept better, eat more and feel much better and I believe it to be a good tonic to build up the system.

My trouble had been of ten years standing. I am much stronger and able to work. The world looks better. Don't worry as much as I did.

Very truly yours, E. M. KIRK, 614 Vermont Ave. Never was a better time to take Nerv-Worth. It's the best of all hot weather tonics. Your dollar back at Crane's Drug Store if Nerv-Worth fails to benefit you.

÷ CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE ÷

"I will confess to you, Margie," said Paula, describing the types found at her first boarding house, "that if you had told me, six months before I would sit at table with the people I have just been telling about, I would have thought you crazy. Emma, all the while she was telling her story, was gesticulating with her knife and fork and committed other breaches of etiquette.

"And yet I began to see how very interesting were their lives and to realize that perhaps their summing up of our silly hypocrisies and conventional crust was more just than our opinions of their primitive mannerisms.

"I sat at the table until almost everyone had gone, for I was afraid if I went out I would be discussed and labelled as were the others they had been talking about.

"I went to my room, took off my clothes, and threw myself on the bed. All at once I remembered I had put all but ten dollars of my money in a little jewel bag inside my waist in the morning.

"I got up hastily and looked about the room. It was not there. My money—all I had in the world except ten dollars—was gone.

"For a moment I could not think, and then I remembered at luncheon time I had gone into the rest room of a big department store, and, losing my clothes, dropped down on one of the sofas for a little rest.

"Of course the store closed at 5 o'clock. There was no way of finding out if my money had been found. "I was frantic with freight. Suppose I could not get work the next day!

"My brain refused to contemplate the future, and with a sob I threw myself across the bed.

"I did not realize my door was slightly open.

"Here, here, buck up! buck up!—all is not lost save honor yet!" said in a loud voice, and I raised my eyes to look into the face of the talkative girl at the dinner table.

"My name is Emma," she said. "I could see you was up against it at the supper table, but I didn't think it was as bad as this. What's the matter, you down? What have you left home and mother for?"

"You don't understand it," I said. "I'll say I do," she answered. "Come on, pack up its little fancy tooth brush

and his itself back to the ones that are longing and waiting for thee, pretty one. There is just as much place for thee in this place as there is for those gold monogrammed ivory backed brushes on that old broken legged chest of drawers."

"That is just it, Emma," I wailed, "there is no place for me and I have lost all my money and I can't get work and I want to die and—"

"Here, here, kid, one at a time! Begin all over and go slow!"

"Margie, I just had to tell someone, and so I began the whole story and before I got to where my mother died, that girl's arms were about me.

"You poor, lonely, little rabbit, don't you go off your head! I'll help you get a place tomorrow. I've got canned we'll look for jobs together. Come over in my room and stay all night."

"Margie, I suddenly remembered the conventional note of condolence I had received from my companions at school and never a word since, and in my heart I made a little prayer. "Oh, God, help me, too, to be just human!"

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(A PLACE MARKED DANGER LOOKS SAFE SOMETIMES.)—BY ALLMAN.

